Good servants are becoming so diffi-euit to obtain that we really cannot blame the American lady who disin-herited her son because he married her maid.

d.

Cinned Terrors' was the title of Preisry Carille's Sunday evening address
St. Mary-at-Hill, and not "Tinned
iers," as was erroneously an-

Drs. Carrel and Guthrie, of the University of Chicago, have discovered means of transforming veins into arteries, it was in Chicago, it will be remembered, that a mothod of turning discused cow into chicken paste wis first perfected.

At Swansea last week a mouse lumped down the throat of a child who was coughing. We are glad to hear that the child is getting well. Her recovery, we understand, will be mainly due to the fact that there were no complications, such as a cat going down after the mouse.

Broad and Otherwise.

Broad and Otherwise.

"I s'pose likely," tentatively, and mayhap a trifle sympathetically, said honest
Farmer Honk, "a boardin' school education broadens one quite a good deal?"

"I guess," resignedly replied equally;
honest Farmer Hornbeak, "that it broadens one-meahin', of course, the one that
gets the education-but its effect is
somewhat different on the other one, on
whom (I s'pose 'whom' is grammatical)



do you pity the widow? Her is right there." but see, she married his money all gone."

come of the results of that 'ere education are inflicted. Frinstance, there is
my riece, who went to school over at
Louderville, and has just lately come
home with an intimate knowledge of
most all the non-essentials and a tolerapt contempt for the plain but serviceables—who tumbled down the garret
stairs the other day, and announced that
she had abraded her patella and started
a cleatrix on her sassanoid, leavin' me,
as a gentleman of the sun-burnt school,
unable to ask her where she was hurt
or how badly, and—er—aht—well, education may have-broadened her, but Fil be or how badly, and—er—ahl—well, educa-tion may have broadened her, but I'll be John-Browned to gosh if it aint rapidly thinnin', me, iryin' to keep up with her intellectual curves and convolutions!"— Puck.

Housekeeping Made Easier.

Housekeeping Made Lasier.

Mrs. J. B., Henderson, ex-Senator Henderson's wife, who has had the honor of converting Wu Ting Fang to total abstraction of the converting Wu Ting Fang to total abstraction of the converting Wu Ting Fang to total abstraction of the converting Washington.

"There is only one kind of gambling that I can indorse," Mrs. Henderson said. "That is the kind that was practiced in St. Louis by two young men I used to know.

"Hearing that these two young men were gambling heavily. I called on the wife of one of them one afternoon.

"Mary, I said, I am told that John plays cards every night—plays for large





POP KNEW.

-Say, Pop, what is executive Pop—It's being president of some in-surance company and giving out jobs to your family.

with the same person—with Mr. Blank. Bo, you see, it must be all right.'
"No; I don't see,' said I.
"But listen,' the young woman explained. 'Mrs. Blank makes her husband give her all his winnings, and then gives the money to me. I hand her in turn all the money my husband has won from hers. And so, you see, we both get our hers. And so, you see, we both get our own husband's money, and have twice as much as we'd be able to get out of them in any other way."—Exchange.

John Chinaman.

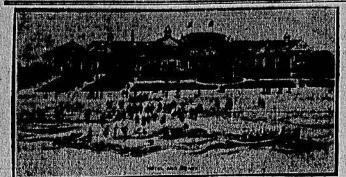
John Chinaman.

I. have just received the following quant story from a reader who is appaently unperturbed by the recent earthquake. A lady in San Francisco engaged i Chinese cook. When the Celestial pame, among other things she asked aim his name.

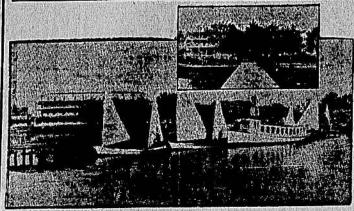
"My name," said the Chinaman, smilns, "is Wang Hang Ho."
"Oh! I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John."
John smiled all over and asked:

"What your namee?"
"My name is Mrs. Meiville Lasgdon."
"Ms no mamber all that," said John."
Chinaman he no savey Mrs. Membul London. I call you Tommy,"—Tatler.

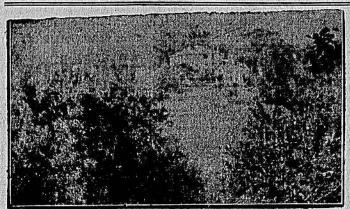
## Fourth Annual Summer Outing Tours Contest



PINE BEACH HOTEL

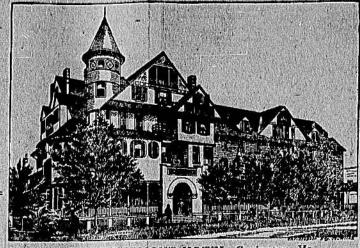


WACHAPREAGUE, VA.

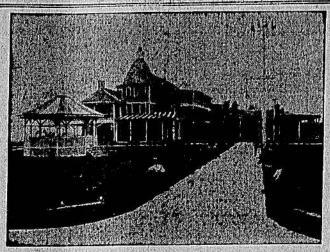


GREENWOOD HOUSE.

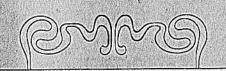




THE INTERMONT HOTEL, Covington, Va.

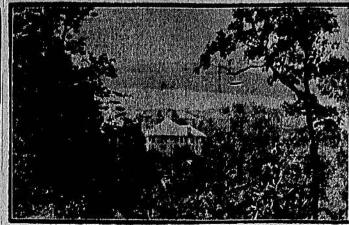


OCEAN VIEW HOTEL, Ocean View, Va.

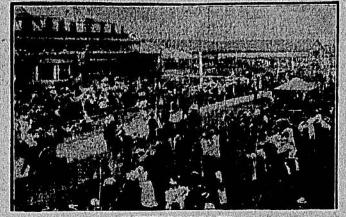


The Hotels at which the successful contestants in The Times-Dispatch Outing Contest will spend their vacation.





THE SAPPHIRE INN





THE KENILWORTH INN



THE MECKLENBURG, Chase City, Va.

## Final Instructions

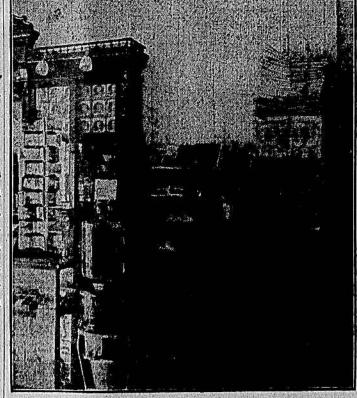
Miss Successful Candidate,

Anywhere, Va.

Madam: Immediately on receipt of the joyful tidings that you are one of the first nine in The Times-Dispatch Outing Tours Contest, sit down, on a chair if possible, take a pen in hand and get the best piece of paper available whereon to scribe, then scribe a list of the hotels in the order in which you fancy them for a vacation, sign the full Christian and surname of the three comprising your party—you will be forgiven even if you don't put postage stamps on the letter—then mail to

Yours very sincerely,

THE OUTING MAN.



## Commiserations

Miss Unsuccessful Candidate,

Anywhere, Va.

Madam: Please accept the sincere commiseration of he Outing Man. I'm one of the unsuccessful candidates myself. A week ago I told the "Powers" there was nothing much doing, the Outing Contest was going along fine, I'd just run round the hotels to see if everything was ready for the Tee-Dee girls. He was very sorry, but had made arrangements to go away himself; the other one is in Europe. What I want to impress on you, however, is the fact that life is made up of disappointments. Don't be discouraged. Try again next year.

Yours truly sorry,

THE OUTING MAN.

shop: "Wanted-A respectable boy for beef sausages."-London Tribune.

As He Had Hoped.

to explain.
"Really, gentlemen," he responded bilthely, "I am highly gratified."
Surprised, they made question, "Why, I could make in three minutes," he resumed, "an explanation that would explain the whole business. Preparation of the one you have heard occupied my time for three months."
Then they could understand his glow of pride.—Phila leighbla Ledger.

Turning the Tables.

A statesman, in an argument, had turned the tables rather neatly on his opponent. Senator Dolliver, in congratu-lation said:

The Roast Beef of Old England.
The ever-burning question, "What shall we do with our boy?" seems to be attisfactive and supposed to be dying, who atterward recovered, and over this error of judgment the doctor advertisement, which appears in the window of a Farrington Road butcher's "Once he attended, in consultation with

three confreres, another patient. This patient really died. After the death, as the physicians discussed the case together, one of them suid;
"Since quick burial is necessary, we might inter the body temporarily. I understand our brother here has a vacant grave on hand."
"Dr. Pilcos smiled."
"Yes, he said."



SOCIAL CRITICS. He-Milton's "Paradise Losi" is a noble poem, isn't it? Have you ever read it? She-No. Have you?

only physician present whose graves are not all filled, "-Exchange,

Second Nature.

The first witness called in a recent petty law suit in continual was an Irishman, of whose competence as a witness opposing counsel entertained doubt, says Harper's Weekly. At their instance there was put to him, before being sworn, the usual interrogatory. "Do you know the nature of an oath?"

A broad grin spread ever the face of the Irishman as he replied:

"Induce, Your Honor, I may say that it is second nature with me." Second Nature.

Another Story on Its Travels. A Vankee just returning to the States was diving with an Englishman, and the latter complained of the mud in America, "Yes," said the American, "but it's nothing to the mud over here."

"Nonsensel" said the Englishman, "Fact," the American replied, "Why, this afternoon I had a remarkable adventine—came near getting into "rouble with an old gentleman—all through your confounded mud!"

"Some of the atreets are a little groapy

though?"

"Well," said the American, "as I was walking along I noticed that the mud was very thick, and presently I saw a high hat afloat on a large puddle of very rich coxe. Thinking to do some one a kindness, I gave the hat a poke with my stick, when an old gentleman looked up from beneath, surprised and frowning. Halloa! I said, 'you're in pratty deep!' Deeper than you think,' he said. I'm on the top of an omnibus!"—London Tit-Bits.

Unanimous.

"And, gentlemen of the jury, so say you all?" inquired the Judge of a certain Arkaneas circuit, after the verdict had been brought in, according to Puck

"Nonsensel" said the Englishman,
"Fact." the American replied. I "Why,
its afterneon I had a remarkable advenince-came near getting into trauble,
the an old gentleman—all through your
anfounded mud!"
"Some of the streets are a little greasy

that pack the rest of the streets are a little greasy

that pack brought in, according to Fuck.

"Well, the rest of us do, and I reckon

I ort to," responded the streeting from the rest of the services and provided the street of the services are a little greasy

that pack brought in, according to Fuck.

"Well, the rest of us do, and I reckon
I ort to," responded the smallest and
most pathy-looking member of the asset of the asset of the services and including the fuck.

The rest of us do, and I reckon
I ort to," responded the smallest and
most pathy-looking member of the asset of the asset of the asset of the services and including the full of the street of the services and including the full of the smallest and
most pathy-looking member of the asset of the street of the asset of the asset

then every one of 'em, when we wrestled, grab-holts, to see which side of the ques-tion was right, throwed me-flat and set on me. So all things considered, and keepin' to the agreement, I say, with the balance of 'em, that the prisoner at



GENEROUS. First Gentleman—I beg ten thousand partons for not having paid that ten dollars. Here it is.

Second Gentleman—Nine thousand five hundred pardons will be enough—5 per cent. off for coals

ors, downed me at mumblety-peg and the bar-I sorter forgit what his name then every one of 'em, when we wrestled, ig-is guilty as charged."

Rondel of a Lazy Muse. My Muse (the office cat)
Sits on the desk and purs
Sedately—she prefers
No other place to that,

So as I reach and pat that round, wise head of hers. My Muse, the office out, Sits on my desk gud purrs.

"Brato, it occurs"

To me you're slow and fct."
I say, She never stirs!
Only when I cry "Scat!"
"My" mews the office coSits on my desk and purrs!
—Cleveland Loans.

"Exclusive."

Newspaper "beats" are of various sizes. Here is one said to have been printed in a country newspaper. Sim Burt, who causht cold last Tuesday, as announced exclusively in the paper, is no better,—Exchange.